

THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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The committee in charge of this issue of THE GREEN CALDRON includes WILLIAM COLBURN, MONTGOMERY CULVER, JAMES DONOVAN, KENNETH NIXON, HAROLD PENDLETON, and HARRIS WILSON, Chairman.



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South Dakota

EDWIN E. KERR

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER A MONTH THE SCORCHING sun and dry, dusty winds of summer have slackened their vengeance on our withered land. We have had thirty-eight consecutive days on which the sun set in a clear sky, blazing forth a last promise of the hell we could expect on the next day. For more than five weeks we cursed the sun as it rose in the morning, sweltered under it until exhaustion overcame us, and prayed at twilight that the next day might not be the same.

Yesterday at sunset, clouds rose into view on the northwest horizon. In a beautiful display of yellow, red, and purple, the forerunners paraded solemnly toward us. By the time night turned them blue-black, they had advanced half the way to us from that point where the sky meets the endless prairie.

At three o'clock in the morning I awoke from a hopeful slumber to a thunderstorm which lasted for more than an hour. I lay awake, listening to the diminishing sound of the thunder as the storm moved eastward over the prairie. The rain came down steadily, pattering lightly on the veranda outside my window. A cool breeze rustled the curtains, and the fresh smell of ozone and rain filtered into my room. At last I fell asleep, secure in the knowledge that the drought was really ended.

Around eight o'clock in the morning we arose to a transformed world. The sun was shining once more, but this morning it was sparkling on the droplets of rain still clinging to our pale trees and brown grass, and on the little puddles which covered the land as far as one could see. The few birds which made their home at our little oasis were singing. The robins hopped about the lawn and shrubs, searching out the stranded earthworms between concertos. Our one pair of wrens nesting in the orchard warbled among the apples and pears which we had saved.

After a late breakfast Dad and I decided to go out to survey our reborn acres. The little garden beside the orchard had responded to our care and would soon be yielding fresh vegetables for the table once more. The plants were lifting their foliage again, a feat which we had not been able to inspire by a heavy irrigation every evening during the drought, although we had managed to keep them alive. We walked together across the once-green meadow and were delighted to find that we could get our feet wet from the curled, brown combination of bunch grass and sandburrs.

Half a mile out on the range, we descended into a slight ravine and discovered the herd of Angus splashing in the muddy water of the creek which only yesterday had been bone dry. Old Rocky, the huge, black, broad-

shouldered herd bull, meandered over to us, water dripping from his legs and muzzle, to have his back scratched. Two calves dashed off in a race that sent their worried mothers galloping after them, lowing for them to return.

The willows which grew on either side of the creek were as green as in springtime, probably because their roots had penetrated to the strata of sand which kept us supplied with water back at the house. A few hundred yards down the creek, an earthen dam created an artificial lake. The lake was now full, and the water was pouring over the spillway in the middle of the dam. Yesterday our cattle had drunk from a muddied spring which seeped up through an alkali pond bed.

We walked down the creek for a quarter of a mile and started back to the house. The sight of the wheat stubble made us feel good. We had been able to combine the wheat before the drought ruined the kernels. Next we walked over what had been our corn field. The young plants, not a foot tall, were sprawled grotesquely in every direction, their remains bleached white by the sun. The day got hotter, and we were glad to reach the shade of the two pale elms and the single yellow-leaved cottonwood growing in the yard.

Now the long afternoon is ended. Once more the sun is setting—behind a new bank of clouds. Tendrils of gold, scarlet, purple, and black radiate from the place where the sun is hidden. The sky is colored in an abstract design reaching almost to the zenith. Beyond, the darkness increases. Soon the eastern horizon is shrouded in the blue-black of evening. In the west the brilliant colors fade to darker hues. A robin on the gatepost intones the evening Angelus. Far away, out on the range, a coyote wails his greeting to night, and Old Rocky's deep-throated voice bellows defiance. Silence and darkness descend over the prairie.

The Frasch Process

RALPH L. GOODMAN

Rhetoric 101, Theme 1

THROUGHOUT THE NINETEENTH CENTURY THE UNITED States was forced to import a large quantity of sulfur. Ample deposits existed in the southern part of this country, but they were deep under the earth's surface, many of them underlying quicksand and swamps. In 1890 Herman Frasch, an American inventor, secured a patent on a process to obtain sulfur from these previously inaccessible deposits. This process known by its inventor's name has been considered a great step toward economic independence for our country.

To institute the Frasch process, a hole, eight to ten inches in diameter, is drilled down to a layer of solid rock directly above and within a foot or two of the sulfur deposits. (These deposits are usually 500 to 2,000 feet below the earth's surface.) A steel pipe with a diameter slightly less than the diameter of the hole is fitted with an insulation jacket. It is then inserted to the depth of the hole and secured in place. A drill bit, smaller in diameter than the pipe just installed, is used to extend the depth of the hole through the rock and into the sulfur deposit. Two concentric pipes are placed in this large pipe and extended down into the sulfur bed. When these three concentric pipes are secured in place the surface ends of the pipes are connected to the proper sources and outlets. These outlets are equipped with checks and valves to regulate properly the flow of materials.

The smallest of the three pipes is connected to a supply of compressed air. The largest pipe is connected to a supply of water that has been heated under pressure to 165° centigrade temperature. The medium-sized pipe is vented into large open vats on the earth's surface.

The super-heated water traveling down the large pipe melts the sulfur. The compressed air from the small pipe forces the liquid sulfur through the vented medium-sized pipe into the open vats. The liquid sulfur cools in these vats to solid sulfur which is 99.5 to 99.9% pure.

The Frasch process has proven to be most successful in the past fifty years. Owing to its efficiency the United States not only produces a sufficient supply of sulfur for her own needs, but also 90% of the total world supply.

* * *

College age generally arrives during the last spasms of adolescence. That is the time of life when a lad is told that he must get a job because he is a man, and can't come home in a blind stupor at 4 A.M. because he is just a boy. This befuddled creature is then led into the glorious world of intellectualism. This leading of the lamb to slaughter is his first step toward becoming an independent entity. And the poor kid leaves home and cries in his beer for two weeks. After finding that salt water does nothing for the taste, Junior wises up. For he realizes that he's gone from Mom's apron strings for good, and he realizes that this is the testing ground for his early training and for his readiness to enter the world. At this point he sees the light and realizes that if he doesn't grow up soon, he's going to be in one hell of a mess.

MYRON F. WEINER, 101.

Persons of Different Faiths Should Not Marry

JO ANN DAVIDSON

Rhetoric 102, Final Examination

THOUSANDS OF PARENTS IN THE UNITED STATES ARE asking this question: "Should I let my child marry someone of a different faith?" The problem of mixed marriages is still unsolved. Attitudes toward it differ. But my answer would be no; persons of different faiths should not marry.

This problem of interfaith marriages has arisen because of the democratic way of life in the United States. Free mixing of persons of different backgrounds is not only condoned but openly encouraged. Thus, young people have ample opportunity to come into constant contact with people of a great variety of religions. I do not intend to intimate that it is wrong for friendships to exist across religious barriers. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews should be friends, but they should certainly not intermarry.

Although Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic leaders disagree on many points, they are unanimous in their negative attitude toward mixed marriages. Pope Pius XII, realizing the growing importance of the question, said recently in a special encyclical to the American Church: "Such marriages, as is clear to you from wide experience, are rarely happy and usually occasion grave loss to the Catholic Church."

Jewish Rabbis are also struggling against interfaith marriages. They are following a religious tradition that dates back to Biblical times. For evidence to back their beliefs, the Rabbis always cite this passage from the Old Testament, in which God forbids the Jews to marry outside their religion:

If you embrace the errors of these nations that dwell among you, and make marriages with them, and join friendships . . . they shall be a pit and a snare in your way, and a stumbling block in your side . . . till He take you and destroy you from this land which He hath given to you.

Joshua XXIII, 13-14.

If mixed marriages were known to work satisfactorily, argument against them would be unnecessary. But surveys show that mixed marriages are not successful marriages. Various studies have proved that chances of divorce and separation are two and a half times as great in an interfaith marriage.

It has also been shown that the partners' religious lives suffer in such an arrangement. Dr. Murray Leiffer, sociology professor at Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Illinois, made a study of seven hundred and forty-three

mixed marriages. Dr. Leiffer found that in most cases religious tension had been adjusted by one or both partners giving up religion altogether. This is a very disheartening discovery, for the more parents who give up religion, the more children that will be brought up with no chance of any spiritual life.

A survey on mixed marriages was also conducted by the Y. M. C. A. The results gave the following information concerning the religious lives of the children born of mixed marriages. Where both parents were Catholic, ninety-two per cent of the children were also practicing Catholics. Where both parents were Protestant, sixty-nine per cent of the children were practicing Protestants. But, in the cases where one parent was Catholic and the other Protestant, only thirty-four per cent of the children were practicing any kind of religion at all. What about the other sixty-six per cent? They are the ones who are paying for the folly of mixed marriages.

Some people argue against strict marriage restriction. "Why come between two lovers?" they ask. "God says, 'Love one another as I have loved you.'" But love and marriage between two people of different religions is not what God had in mind. Love that doesn't conform to God's laws is unlawful. God must always come first, not second. No human love should exceed the love of God. If everyone loved God to the fullest extent, this problem of mixed marriages would never have arisen. For he who loves God follows religious laws rigorously. Religion should always be put before marriage, because religion is the most important thing in life.

Some citizens cannot see how there could possibly be any objections to mixed marriages. "After all," they agree, "religion is such a little thing. Why get upset about it?" But one cannot dismiss religion as just a "little thing." Religious differences are fundamental differences. Sometimes religion seems very secondary to the deep emotional attraction of two young lovers. But once the glitter of romance has worn off and the wedding-day is just a dim memory, religion doesn't seem so unimportant after all. The husbands and wives more often than not find themselves in bitter conflict over their religious differences. No marital unity can be complete unless each fundamental part harmonizes to make a perfect whole.

Religion can't be isolated as one part of married life. The religious beliefs of a couple color every phase of their life together. Therefore, it is easy to see how religious differences may cause constant conflict. Cultural patterns and values differ with faiths. For example, Catholicism lauds submission, while Protestantism emphasizes personal freedom. Two people who have a different set of values and standards really have very little in common. Naturally, they can't be expected to be compatible in such a situation.

"If mixed marriages are so unstable," one might ask, "then why does the Catholic Church grant its members dispensations to wed Protestants or Jews?" The answer is quite simple. A dispensation is just a temporary acceptance of a mixed marriage. Actually, it might be called a compromise. Even though

the Catholic Church allows a mixed marriage, it takes positive steps to deprive the non-Catholic member of all religious freedom. If a dispensation is granted, the non-Catholic member must promise never to interfere with his or her partner's practice of religion. In a signed statement the non-Catholic member must promise that all children born of the marriage will be baptized and reared in the Catholic faith, that the Catholic laws concerning birth control and divorce will be strictly adhered to, and that no marriage ceremony except one by a priest will be performed. The Catholic partner must promise "to bring about the conversion of my consort." Such a dispensation with all its cruel commands is no answer to the problem of mixed marriages.

Children born of a mixed marriage present still another complication. When the members of a family do not all practice one religion, family unity is weak. Each child tends to be closer to the parent whose religion he shares. This division results in unequal affection and loyalty, and jealousy generally follows.

Another disadvantage in mixed marriages is the clash that occurs between church loyalties and family loyalties. If each partner belongs to a different religion, each will be forced to make separate contributions of time and money. Arrangements concerning the church work of one partner may displease and inconvenience the other.

Perhaps the strongest argument against interfaith marriage is the acute tension which results among in-laws. If the parents are radically against a son or daughter's marriage to a person of different religion, they may even go so far as to sever all ties with their child. Such a situation is extremely regrettable, no matter what the cause. As Dr. Sidney J. Goldstein, Jewish Rabbi and well-known marriage counselor, says, "Young people may believe that their own happiness is more important than the wishes of their parents, but it is very difficult, even impossible, for a young man and especially for a young woman to separate himself or herself from the family of which he or she has so long been a part." A spouse is not enough, particularly during crucial hours of death and disease. A friendly, loving family is essential to everyone's personal happiness and security.

For many reasons it is important that the chief concern of young people shall be to form happy marriages and peaceful homes. We are now living in a time of world chaos. Nothing is secure and nothing is sacred. We are seeing nations, values, dreams, and institutions being wrecked by the evil plots of small men. If our world is to survive this crucial time, it is essential that the peaceful family be maintained at any expense, for the family organization is the basis of all life. If the family fails, then the world must fail. It is up to every citizen to see that only peaceful marriages are formed. World peace will stem from family peace. Evidence shows that the mixed marriage has little chance for success. Then, I say, let mixed marriages be prohibited!

A Review of 1984

DAVID BEHREND

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

1984 IS BASICALLY AN "IDEA NOVEL" THAT DEALS NOT so much with people as with theories and concepts. It presents a vivid and dramatic picture of successful, stable oligarchy and the philosophy, organization, and society of that oligarchy.

The strength of the book lies not so much in the idea of the book as in the manner of its presentation. The ideas and concepts are presented through the lives of the characters. As in all novels that deal primarily with concepts, the main function of the characters is to represent classes and types. This work is rare in that while Orwell's characters are frankly symbols, they never lose their own individual personalities.

The hero of the book, Winston Smith, is a "little man" engaged in a hopeless battle with a hostile society. He is a man who wins the sympathy of the reader. He is a vivid, distinct individual as are all his friends: Syme, blindly loyal to the government but too aware, too intelligent; Julia, Smith's shallow but devoted sweetheart; Parsons, stupid but enthusiastic; and even O'Brien, the antithesis of Winston Smith. All of these people, while completely individual and distinct, represent types with which we are all familiar.

In Orwell's book, these types are placed in a system which controls not only their lives but their very thoughts. The system exerts this extraordinary control by an interesting thought process called "doublethink." Doublethink is a function of the mind that enables one to hold two completely conflicting ideas and believe in both implicitly. We all do this to some extent, but it is the foundation of Orwell's civilization. The word of the state is truth, regardless of facts to the contrary. Thought criminals (those not adept at rationalization) like Smith are soon weeded out by an ingenious secret police.

1984 invites comparison with Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, another social theory novel. Huxley's book treats of a stable but benevolent society that also completely controls the mind. The main difference between the two societies is that the leaders of the *Brave New World* are sincerely concerned with the welfare of humanity, while those of 1984 are interested only in power. Both societies, however, seek to crush independence and individuality and thus remove originality and vigor from humanity.

While Huxley's brave new world sometimes seems rather unreal, Orwell has pictured his society of the future with such clear and logical vividness that it appears to be a distinct possibility. He never allows abstraction to dilute the feeling of urgency that characterizes the whole book.

1984 is a tragedy. Its real strength lies in its reality, for it is that very reality that brings the true nature of Orwell's idea directly to the reader so that he cannot ignore the plight of the hero or the menace which Orwell fears. The book's reality brings the tragedy out of the abstract and presents it nakedly and squarely to the reader.

Do Engineers Need Liberal Arts Courses?

ROBERT W. LASHER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

MANY ENGINEERS IN THE FIELD AND STUDENTS IN THE engineering schools have long questioned the importance of liberal arts courses in their curriculum. An engineer is one who is versed in or who follows as a calling any branch of engineering. Engineering is the art and science by which the properties of matter and the sources of power in nature are made useful to man in structures, machines, and manufactured products. The argument, then, appears to be whether the prospective engineer needs liberal art courses to prepare himself properly for his area of responsibility.

The artisan, highly skilled in the processes of his trade, cannot be expected to produce satisfactory results without sufficient or adequate tools. The painter who is lacking in colors or brushes is not able to express himself as he would if his kit were properly outfitted. So it is with the engineer. If he is to do his job fully and well, he must be adequately equipped; and to be so equipped, he has a need for liberal arts training.

Preparing oneself to be an engineer is a long and tedious process. A great deal of information must be absorbed from the printed page and from the lecture room. The ability to understand fully what is read and heard depends upon the interpretive power of the individual. Studies in vocabulary and interpretive reading, such as those found in courses in English, are valuable in developing this power. The engineer is frequently called upon to express himself concerning an idea or a development, and to do so effectively he must have at his disposal the tools acquired in the study of rhetoric, literature, and public speaking.

The engineer does not perform his duties alone, but must work in the company of other people as a subordinate, a co-worker or in an administrative

capacity. Although to a certain extent a person's ability to get along with his neighbors lies inherently within his personality, he needs special techniques when dealing with the problems of group behavior. These techniques are presented in courses in personnel relations and management, economics, and associated subjects found in the schools of commerce and liberal arts.

It may be true that the person who is just starting an engineering career and who has already acquired the necessary technical knowledge will be able to learn through self-training and experience the non-technical qualities in question. This fact does not remove the need for non-technical knowledge. At the present time and in ensuing years engineers are and will be in great demand. Engineering graduates must be as fully prepared as possible in the shortest possible time to meet the demand. Management cannot wait for its engineers to receive a well-rounded education while on the job.

Of the seventeen members of the University of Illinois engineering faculty who were interviewed on this question, all asserted that courses in the liberal arts college are essential to the proper education of the prospective engineer. Such sources may appear to be biased, since as teachers these men favor the teaching profession and would advocate most extensive use of an educational institution. But eighty-two per cent of those interviewed have been professional engineers and therefore are aware of the practical as well as the academic problems involved.

From ditch-digging to the peak of professional practice, the individual must be properly equipped to perform his tasks, whether this equipment consists of tangible instruments or of knowledge. Barely essential equipment is rarely sufficient to do a job completely and properly in the allotted time. There is a definite need for general knowledge in addition to the required special knowledge. Engineers *need* liberal arts courses to provide this general knowledge.

* * *

Aeons ago, Og, a cave boy, ambled over to the edge of a nearby cliff. Many hundreds of feet below him a dinosaur was meting out punishment to its young. Og, who had just received such treatment himself, dropped his heavy stone hammer on mama dinosaur's head. The puzzled beast looked around in an uncertain manner while Og, to further its bewilderment, dropped a handful of stones on its tail. This was too much! The dinosaur hurried from the cliff, leaving her young ones to fare as they could, for this was surely a case of every man for himself. Og, observing the chaos below, had an odd feeling in the region of his diaphragm. Before he knew what was happening, a whoosh of air blew out of his mouth, accompanied by a guttural grunt. The laugh was born.

NANCY ROCKWOOD, 101.

My Lovely Queen

WILLIAM H. MAY

Rhetoric 101, Theme 8

THE PLAYER SEATED DIRECTLY OPPOSITE ME RIFFLED the pack of blue and white bicycles and passed them to his right for a cut. A hand danced out comically and tapped them. The "dealer" squared the deck with two sharp raps on the table. Snapping each pasteboard face down, he dealt two to each of his five opponents. Nervously the first man glimpsed each small card as it slid to a halt in front of him. The second player scooped them into a stack and drew them to his bosom. I was third. I didn't look. The cards stopped at the fingertips of the fourth man, the "gentleman." Number five was still talking about his last hand when his share of cards dropped on the green table. The "dealer" nonchalantly fanned his cards and casually assessed their value.

Slowly and cautiously, I picked up my cards. I wanted no one peeping into my hand. I stared at them. A big beautiful queen stared right back at me. Clinging to her skirt was a lowly trey. The other five players memorized their cards thoroughly.

As quick as if not quicker than the eye, the dealer peeled off six more rectangles, face up. There it was! Another lady. She was lying back to back with my first. A king sat proudly in front of the dealer. The number one man had a weak deuce. He fumbled clumsily with it, almost turning his hole cards over. A three had fallen for the second man. On my left, the gentleman was tapping a cigarette on an eight of hearts. Next to him sat that jabbering idiot. He had a ten showing.

"I'll bet five," said the dealer.

"Call."

"I'm in."

"I'll see you," said the gentleman as he lit up.

"O.K."

"I'll go for the ride."

The chips rolled into the pot, and the dealer flipped off another six cards. I got a measly seven. A pair of kings appeared for the dealer. "Nerves" received a ten. My heart fell. The man on my right had a queen—my queen. The gentleman straightened out a four of hearts with his manicured hands. A nine of diamonds brought out a laugh from Mr. Humor.

"Pair of kings bets five more."

"I, ah, I'm still in."

"I'm in."

"Call," I said.

"I'm staying."

"I drop," said the comic as he turned his cards over.

Another five snaps and we each had a new card. The dealer now had a pair of kings and a seven. The number one man fidgeted in his seat, and then, unsure of himself, folded. On top of that queen I desired rested a four. I had a trey. A trey! A look at my hole cards proved Lady Luck was with me; that trey matched the one in my hand. I had two pair. Those kings of the dealer still looked strong. The gentleman now was lining up his third straight heart, a nine.

"Five on the kings."

"And five more," said the second man.

I shoved in ten chips.

"I'll ride it out," said the gentleman, "with a possible flush."

Four more cards hopped and skipped to each player. A jack halted at my spot. I looked at the dealer. Amazingly, he had two pair showing. Another seven lay with his kings and his first seven. Two pair and kings high. That was better than my hand. A six rested on my lost queen. If I only had her now. My right-hand man showed a three, four, and six. I figured he had a straight because he'd raised the dealer's last bet. The gentleman shifted his position and squared up his fourth heart in a row. It was a six. Should I stick? It appeared that I had donated twenty chips to the pot. I was beaten for sure by the dealer. The gentleman had a good chance to complete a flush, and a possible straight covered the handsome features of my missing queen. Oh, how I could use her!

"Bet five," said the dealer as he coolly pushed a pile of chips into the center of the table.

"Call," said the possessor of my beloved queen.

The gentleman laid a neat stack of chips next to those I had thrust out. I need a trey or a queen, I thought to myself. I concentrated: I need a trey or a queen. One queen was gone. The other might have been in someone else's hand. The odds were against me, but I decided to gamble.

Here was my last chance. The dealer very slowly slid the four cards off, one at a time. They came face down. I didn't look right away. I shuffled them through my fingers, pulled them in front of my eyes, and began fanning them. I stared hard. There was my first beautiful queen, as sweet as ever, still staring blankly back at me. Hanging to her skirt was the trey. I look longingly at the queen that I had come so close to owning. She seemed to be smiling at me. Please, baby, jump up here, I wished. I slid the trey back very slowly. I could see the white corner. Then it was in full. And what a sight it was. I folded the fan up quickly. I set the three cards down in front of me. Of all the cards in the deck—a jack! Three useless pair washed my twenty-five chips into someone's pocket.

My chips went to the gentleman. On his last card he had made his flush. His five hearts in a row had beaten the dealer's kings and sevens and the straight on my right.

The nervous man was now gathering the cards for a new hand. He brushed my lost queen into the pile—my lovely, lost queen.

Commitment

JEANNE M. ECKLUND

Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

SINCE EARLY TIME, THE CARE OF THE INSANE OR "crazy" has been one of the great problems of society. Today in the state of Illinois such care is provided in several state-operated institutions as well as in private sanitariums and veterans' hospitals. But the actual commitment procedure is involved and known to few people. The inmates are assigned to all these institutions through one source; only in an emergency are they admitted directly.

Most commitments are made through the court at Cook County Psychopathic Hospital. This gray building with its barred windows is located at Wood and Polk Streets in Chicago, Illinois. It is an integral part of Cook County Hospital but is also under the partial jurisdiction of the state. A small number of cases are treated there for the education of medical and nursing students; the main function of the hospital, however, is that of a human clearing station.

The typical patient is brought to the admitting department by either his family or the police because of his strange or violent actions and behavior. To prevent families from bringing unwanted members in for commitment, however, the law provides that the patient must have a certificate signed by a licensed physician requesting an examination.

On entrance, the patient is examined by the intern on call or his superior, the resident physician. If admitted to the hospital, the patient then receives a bath and frequently a delousing. His clothing and all personal belongings are taken from him, and he is garbed in hospital clothing. Of course, if he is violent these initial steps of his processing are omitted.

The patient is then brought into one of the two first-floor admitting wards where he is further examined both physically and mentally, and laboratory tests are made. Sedation and restraint are used if necessary to calm and quiet him. From the time of his admission and for the next eight to ten

days the patient is expected to conform to the hospital routine as best he is able.

Usually on the second hospital day the patient is transferred to the upstairs wards; the men and women are assigned to the second and third floors respectively. Each floor has two wards which allow the segregation of the more violent patients from those less disturbed.

During the following days the patient is subjected to many diagnostic tests and interviews. He often appears before a clinic of Chicago's leading psychiatrists, who interview and study him. His care throughout his hospital stay is mainly a process of observation and routine, including diet, rest, and medication. Occupational therapy is very limited because of the rapid turnover. Every Monday evening, however, dancing and bingo parties are held for the patients who are able to participate.

At the end of this period of observation, the patient appears in court, where

His decisions may be divided into three categories. First, the patient may be discharged as not mentally ill. Such a patient usually has had merely an about their preference for his treatment. The judge then makes his decision.

His decision may be divided into three categories. First, the patient may be discharged as not mentally ill. Such a patient usually has had merely an emotional upset, or was brought in by the police for sanity tests before coming to civil trial. Second, he may be discharged as not mentally ill but in need of psychiatric treatment and released on probation to his family for treatment in a private sanitarium, or he may be sent to a state institution if that action is desired. A patient discharged in this manner may be an alcoholic or a marked neurotic. Finally, the patient may be found mentally ill, and be committed to an institution for treatment until the time he can be proclaimed cured by the action of another court hearing. The patient thus committed may suffer from a mental illness which is incurable. If so, he will spend the remainder of his life in an institution.

Week-end in Chicago

VIRGINIA McMANUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme A

IF YOU SPEND A WEEK-END IN CHICAGO, YOUR IMPRESSIONS might be determined by where you get off the train.

If you get off at Union Station, in the heart of the Loop, you will come out onto our crowded, brilliant, famed State Street. And it will seem like every other city in America—bright lights, people rushing, pushing, sailors with a girl on each arm hurrying to roller-skating rinks, whistle-blowing

doormen trying to clear a path from the hotel to the cab for their patrons, cut-rate clothing shops, Woolworths and Walgreens and Marshall Fields—everything impersonal and everything just what you might expect in a Big City.

If you get off at another stop, Polk Street on Chicago's West Side, things will be very different. Outside the station you will find the sidewalks crowded with children and dogs, all digging in the cracks and running in and out of the tenements that line the street. There is a different kind of noise: it seems the entire neighborhood is filled with aimlessly shouting people and fifteen-cent transportation. Streetcars rattle by from four directions; elevateds run overhead; busses clog the traffic. Much of the shouting is in foreign languages, for these people are Italian and Mexican. They live in a section of their own, entirely unaffected by the rest of the busy city a few miles away. The neighboring section is Polish, and these people are considerably affected by the city, for they live right in the glare from the neon signs of fashionable hotels and night clubs. The red and blue lights flood their apartments at night, and from their kitchen windows one can watch the patrons go into the entrances below. Almost every exclusive district in the city is flanked by slum area, especially the commercial streets such as Rush, home of many of our most famous clubs.

The next stop to the west is Maxwell Street, where the Jewish people and Gypsies display their wares and barter right on the street. An eight-block area overflows with these merchants, and the streets and curbs are piled with used clothes and trays of stolen merchandise such as watches and jewelry; cheeses are strung from the tops of the stalls, and everything from fruit and vegetable stands to pawn shops occupy any gap large enough for a bit of merchandise and a merchant. Drunks sleep unnoticed in the gutter, narcotics are sold under such guises as "pep powder," old women nap on their front stoops, cats sun themselves on window sills, and barefoot "combos" play and dance in the alleys for pennies. Sometimes a spectacular sight such as a dog of unknown parentage being wheeled in a baby carriage with a sign, "Good watchdog—Cheap—five dollars," comes past, and the residents of the street don't even look up. Anything goes on Maxwell Street, the potpourri district of the city.

Part of the city, however, consists of people who, being middle class in taste as well as income, have no desire to see either extreme. They rarely if ever visit the fabulous clubs that Chicago is known for, and they would refuse a trip through one of the more colorful sections. They are unlike the uninhibited poor in that a week-end does not mean beer or wine, gay music, and two days of carefree celebration at the end of a week of hard physical labor. The middle class, or the white collar group, find the week-end only a bit more hectic. There are inconveniences involved; the butcher shop closes at noon, and that means a Saturday morning scurry, the white-glove and new-hat

ritual must be repeated in preparation for Sunday church, and the most excitement is the eleven o'clock Saturday night dash for toothpaste before the drug store closes until Monday.

Unfortunately, I am a member of the latter class. I have every intention of seeing more of the great city in which I live. I want to explore and see the remote sections—but I end the week by washing my hair, sleeping a bit later than usual, going to the same place every Saturday night.

I love having Chicago for a home. I enjoy its contrasts—cruel contrasts at times, but fascinating to watch. I like the feeling that within a few minutes' ride from my home is Lincoln Park and the famous Bug House square filled with fanatic orators on soap boxes. I deplore Skid Row, but driving through it is an unforgettable experience. And I always resolve to make the most of living in Chicago, for I have discovered that there are a thousand ways to spend a week-end in my home town, and I am determined to experience all of them.

Hysteria in Massachusetts

ANNE DAVIS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 10

WE HAVE OFTEN HEARD IT SAID, "THERE'S NOBODY funnier than people," and, while we laugh at the statement, we all have to admit that it's true. People taken as individuals are amazing creations of God which we cannot completely understand or explain, but which can be studied and classified to some extent. People *en masse*, however, form a very different compound for the humanist to analyze. The emotions of a mob are usually as strong as those of the most emotional people in it, and the actions of a mob are usually as violent and drastic as those of its most radical constituents. Too often, people as a part of a group lose their individual characteristics and powers to think and allow themselves to be easily swayed by the more dominant personalities.

This loss of individuality isn't just a phenomenon present today or at any other specific period in history. Brutus spoke to the Roman populace at Caesar's burial and won the people to his side, but then Mark Antony gave, at least in Shakespeare's version, his emotional "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" speech which swayed them completely in the opposite direction. This same mass action occurred in the lynchings in our own southern states after the Civil War and in our early West, and it occurs now in snake dances on college campuses or, worse, in the all-too-frequent race riots.

One of the most strange and tragic examples of mass hysteria, however, occurred in Massachusetts in 1692. It started in small Salem Village and spread over a large part of the state. The people involved were Puritans, deeply religious and very strict in every phase of their daily lives, especially in the upbringing of their children. This joyless life may have been all right for the adults who had through the years become hardened to it, but for the children, and the more spirited ones in particular, it was too dull and confining, and the religion taught them was terrifying and mysterious.

Several young Puritan girls of Salem discovered an imaginative Negro servant girl who told them stories of witchcraft and the supernatural at times when they could manage to escape the supervision of their elders. These weird tales were so exciting to the impressionable girls that they told others of their newly-found interest, and soon quite a group of girls ranging in age from eight to twenty were gathering whenever possible to listen to the Negro.

Perhaps the first reaction to these stories occurred because of the guilt the girls felt for attending the gatherings secretly, or perhaps the weird stories were becoming too real to them or disturbing their dreams. It may even have been a sort of game to provide new excitement. At any rate, several of the girls began acting queerly and going into spasms, and soon the whole group was following suit. In order to explain these actions and to escape from telling of their secret sessions with the story teller, they said they were possessed by a curse. When it became necessary to tell more than just this, they began naming a few eccentric or unpopular women in the village as their tormentors. The minister, whose own daughter was pretending to be possessed, zealously led the village in the persecution of the tormenting "witches."

As they received more and more attention the girls became more adept in their game of being possessed. They added new screams of pain and began to ward off spiritual shapes which they said tempted them to sign away their souls to the devil. It seems incredible that the village people could have believed these girls unquestioningly, but they did. The few who took time to consider sensibly the actions and the accusations of the girls were squelched by the indignant champions of the possessed. Some of these champions were themselves imagining that they too felt pains and saw visions so that they could be placed among that honored group of girls who acted as accusers for the whole town. In fact, it came to be quite dangerous for anyone to admit that he believed there could be anything deceptive about the strange actions of the girls, for if he did, he soon found himself among the many accused of being witches.

People lived in constant fear, not only of the curses of the witches, but of being accused of some sort of sorcery themselves. They saw their neighbors, close friends, and even relatives, people they knew and loved well, sent to prison, and still they did not doubt the word of the "poor afflicted children."

Instead they remembered all the petty quarrels, mishaps, and freaks of nature which they could now blame on evil powers and added their testimony to condemn the accused.

Trials were held in which the sole evidence was the testimony of the possessed girls about the spiritual shapes of the accused witches. Since they had no way of proving where their shapes had been at specific times, many people confessed to witchcraft and were sent to prison to be used as witnesses against other witches rather than being hanged right away. Many times their confessions and accusations of others were wrung from them by torture.

The people of Salem, including ministers and even the judges who tried the accused, were so blinded by the general hysteria and superstitious fear that they did not stop to wonder how people who had led upright lives for years could suddenly become evil. It was not until after nineteen men and women had been hanged and one hundred and fifty more had been put in prison to await trial that the hysteria began to wear off and people began to realize that so large a number of their neighbors could not suddenly become possessed of evil powers. Trials were carried on in which no spiritual evidence was accepted, and finally all of the accused were released from prison.

The effects of the affair, however, were felt for many years. Silent feuds between families continued for several generations, and some of the girls who had started all the trouble suffered pangs of conscience that were worse than any they had professed to endure during their seizures. The whole episode, which will always be a blot on the history of Massachusetts, is an unforgettable example of how wise and upright men may be deluded when they allow themselves to become immersed in mass hysteria.

The Man on the Magazine Cover

J. WARD KNAPP

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

ANGELO WAS WELL BUILT. HE WAS ONLY ABOUT FIVE-nine in height, and his shoulders weren't as broad as one might expect, but he was very well built. Angelo was a young man, and he had a build that young men admire and that most women say makes them sick. He resembled some of the men in those "muscle" magazines he always read.

I saw Angelo Malano during Easter vacation last month. He was walking down Main Street toward me, not strutting, just walking erect, but people thought he was strutting because it's unusual to see a person walk correctly. Angelo always wore one of two things to cover his thick chest, broad back,

and flat stomach: a size thirty-eight t-shirt, or a brilliant corduroy shirt with the sleeves rolled up and the front open to expose too much of his chest. On his slim hips he always wore a pair of well-pressed pants, a little too short, a little too tight around the hips. He was wearing a yellow corduroy shirt and blue pants when I saw him.

"The strongest man in the world," I said when Angelo was near enough to hear me.

"What ya say kid?" Angelo's face was as brown as if he had been in Florida all winter. At the first sign of spring he would drive his big, blue Buick convertible out to the lake, strip off his shirt and lie on the seat and tan himself. During the summer he was out every day in his very scanty swimming suit, lying on the raft in the lake and being very careful to keep his greasy, wavy hair dry. It was then that the girls would say, "How disgusting he looks, running around half-naked in that damn loin cloth he calls a swimming suit."

"Home from college for Easter?" he asked.

"Yeah, until Wednesday."

"Have you been learnin' anything?"

"A little, not very much." I was expecting his usual question, "Who have you been sleeping with?" He asked it.

"Is that all you can think about, Angelo?" I asked, feigning disgust.

"Hell, yes. Walk up to the drug store with me and I'll buy you something to drink."

"No. I just came from there," I said, "I think I'll go down to the pool hall and see if any of the guys are there. Come on. You can show me a few of your card tricks."

He smiled slyly. "Hell, that'd just be a waste of time. You can't figure 'em out, and besides I don't want to keep the women waiting down at the drug store."

"Jesus," I laughed the word out. "Come on. I'm really a brain, Angelo."

He laughed, and we both walked toward the pool hall. Angelo ran a poker game at the pool hall, and that was how he made most of his money, even though he did own an "all night" restaurant where the taxi drivers, truck drivers, and cops ate or drank coffee. He was very smart at cards, and he made quite a bit of money, enough to drive a new Buick.

No one I was looking for was in the pool hall, and we sat down at one of the card tables in the rear of the room.

"Pick a card," he said, fanning the deck of cards out in his long, smooth fingers.

"Okay. I've got one." Angelo showed me the card trick, and then he did several more. There was only one trick I thought I knew the answer to, but I was wrong, and he laughed every time I was fooled. I had to laugh too, because the tricks were clever and he was good, always wise-cracking and

laughing, and moving his hands quickly and surely. He completely fooled me, and he was enjoying himself very much. "What do they teach you guys at college anyway?"

"Not this," I said.

After awhile Angelo stopped and said, "I thought you were going to take weight-lifting in P.E. at college?"

"I was, but I didn't. Why should I? It's too much work."

"Why should you?" He looked at me, trying not to look bewildered, but half smiling and wrinkling his forehead. "Look at these guys."

"Who?"

"These guys here in this magazine. Don't you college guys ever read anything?"

He tossed a "muscle" magazine at me. The man on the magazine cover was greased and shining, every muscle in his body was bulging, and the lighting made him look like a statue. The man was posed in a discobolus-like position. He was studying his right bicep. You could not see his face.

Lenin: His Apprenticeship To the Revolution

HAROLD TENNEY

Rhetoric 102, Theme 10

PREFACE

NIKOLAI LENIN WAS ONE OF THE FOREMOST ARCHITECTS in the formation of the world political situation as it exists today. The Frankenstein monster that he created will play a part of ever-increasing importance in the shaping of the world's history. Whether Russia conquers the world and imposes a communistic dictatorship on all of us or whether she falls in defeat, the handiwork of Lenin will have an inestimable effect on the lives of the next generations.

A life of such significance as Lenin's deserves a much more lengthy and detailed treatment than is possible in a paper of this length. Consequently, I have limited my topic to cover only Lenin's early life and "apprenticeship to the revolution."¹ It was during this period that Lenin assimilated those quali-

¹ Harold Laski, "Ulyanov, Vladimir Ilich," *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences* (New York, 1934), 8: 140.

ties and theories that were to make him the successful revolutionary and administrator that he was to be in later years. He acquired a remarkable knowledge of Marxist theory, which provided a basis for the government he sought to establish and the plan for its establishment; he gained an insight into the mentality of the Russian factory worker; and through this knowledge and insight he rose to prominence among his fellow revolutionists.²

Nikolai Lenin, whose real name was Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, was born in the obscure provincial town of Simbirsk, Russia, on April 22, 1870. Simbirsk, a peaceful village on the Volga River, was, in spite of its seemingly placid atmosphere, a hotbed of political activity and a perpetual source of revolutionary feeling. The principal reason for this discord was the ill-feeling among the lower classes caused by the strict class-consciousness in the town. Merchants, officials, landowners, and peasants were sharply divided in a highly stratified society.³

The peasants' resentment was further stimulated by the activity of a group of radicals, the nihilists, made up of ecclesiastical students and older high school boys and led by older men who had been transferred or exiled from other areas.⁴ In opposition to the nihilists was a faction of large landowners who sought the restoration of the recently abolished serfdom. The actions of this group further intensified the lower class's animosity toward the landowners and toward the system of government that gave them their power.

The family of Ulyanov ranked close to the middle of this society. Lenin's father, a provincial school inspector,⁵ was a member of the lower nobility. There were three sons and three daughters in the family, all of whom eventually took part in some revolutionary activity against the Czarist government.

In 1887, when Lenin was seventeen, his older brother, Alexander, a brilliant and well-liked young man, was involved in a bombing plot against the life of Czar Alexander III.⁶ Alexander was arrested, tried, and hanged for his part in the unsuccessful plot.

There is disagreement as to the significance of this event in Lenin's life. Some historians maintain that the hanging intensified his hatred for the Czarist government and thus motivated his desire for its overthrow. Kerensky, who supports this theory, contends that the hanging made young Lenin into a ruthless cynic. He attributed Lenin's animosity toward the Russian Orthodox Church to the presence of a priest at the gallows.⁷

² *Ibid.*

³ W. C. White, "Lenin the Individual," *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1934, 95: 185.

⁴ Alexander Kerensky, "Lenin's Youth and My Own," *Asia*, February, 1934, 34: 68-73.

⁵ David Shub, *Lenin* (Garden City, 1949), p. 20.

⁶ Kerensky, p. 70.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 71.

Most biographers, however, tend to discount this theory. Lenin's actions seem to indicate a complete lack of personal feeling.⁸ Also, it is very probable that his desire for the Czar's overthrow and his disbelief in Christianity originated previous to his brother's execution. In later years, Lenin said that he discarded his religion at the age of thirteen or fourteen⁹—at least two years before Alexander's hanging. His lack of moral principle, which Kerensky attributed to a cynical character, was more probably a result of his belief in the Marxist principle which states, “. . . only that is moral to a revolutionary which helps the revolution. . . .”¹⁰ Of course, Lenin's bitterness at the hanging of his brother might have left him especially receptive to the Marxist philosophy, but it is doubtful that the event had any more lasting effect.

Lenin's school record shows him to have been hard-working and accurate. He graduated from the Simbirsk school and received a gold medal as the school's best student. He then continued his education at the University of Kazan, but he soon became involved in a political disturbance and was banished to his family's estate at Kokushkino. His actual participation was not proved, but his brother's record was against him.¹¹

In passing, it might be noted that Lenin's early life could have done nothing but make him into the revolutionary that he was. The conditions under which he spent his formative years left him with but two alternatives—to accept the state of affairs as it was, or to work for its change.¹² His character and make-up were such that he naturally followed the latter course.

Lenin's education did not end with his expulsion from the university. In fact, the expulsion marked just the beginning. Although he had been introduced to Marxist theory previously (probably by his brother, Alexander),¹³ during this period he began an intensive study of it. The Marxist doctrine provided both the fundamentals and the details of the government that Lenin later strove to establish. Lenin was a devout Marxist throughout his career, and he followed Marx's teachings almost to the letter. Marx's theories of government and economy have no place in this paper, but it is important to note Marx's assumption of the necessity of violent revolution, with the workers directed by a party of trained revolutionaries.¹⁴

In addition to his intensive study of revolutionary theory, Lenin had in recent Russian history a storehouse of information on the practical mechanics of revolutionary effort. Around 1870, about thirty years previous to the time of Lenin's expulsion from the university and banishment, a group of young

⁸ Laski, p. 143.

⁹ Kerensky, p. 70.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹ James Maxton, *Lenin* (New York, 1951), p. 13.

¹² White, p. 184.

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ Laski, p. 143.

Russian intellectuals had attempted to spread the doctrine of Socialism among the newly emancipated serfs. They were unsuccessful, however, because of the ignorance, superstition, and servility of the peasants. The insurgents then changed their course of action and organized into terrorist societies called "The People's Will." These societies sought to gain concessions from the government through assassination and other terrorist acts. After the assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881, however, the new Czar did not seek to compromise with the terrorists as his predecessor had done. Instead he launched a vicious campaign against them and drove them underground.¹⁵

From the failure of "The People's Will" and his brother's execution, Lenin derived two principles that were to guide his plan of revolution: first, he saw that terrorist attempts were futile against the might of the Czar, and second, that the peasants of Russia were not receptive to revolutionary incitement. As a supplement to these principles he observed that Russia was quickly becoming industrialized and that factory workers were becoming an important class. The workers were illiterate and discontented with the conditions imposed upon them. They suffered the hardships of long hours, low wages, and poor living conditions. Lenin realized the potentialities of this group and endeavored to direct their discontent and ill feeling toward the Czar's government.¹⁶

Vladimir was permitted to return to Kazan in 1888 but was refused permission to re-enter the university. A year later his family moved to the province of Samara, where he organized a small Marxist discussion group.¹⁷

He emerged from his banishment in 1890, and, through the efforts of his mother, was allowed to take the law examinations at St. Petersburg University. After a summer of strenuous study, he passed with honors and was admitted to the bar. He then took a job with a law firm to earn a living and to satisfy his mother, but he soon found this work incompatible with his revolutionary work and retired from his practice.¹⁸

At first he spent the greater part of his time becoming acquainted with groups of young men who were conducting night schools for factory workers. In these classes he found a means to spread his teachings among the working class. He also spent much time in the factories, particularly the huge Putilov steel works, talking to workers and trying to gain an insight into their problems, views, and desires.¹⁹

At this time the revolutionaries were divided into two parties. One, the Social Revolutionaries, was a holdover from the old terrorist movement. This party directed its attention to the peasants and the land problems and retained

¹⁵ Maxton, p. 29.

¹⁶ White, p. 187.

¹⁷ Shub, p. 24.

¹⁸ Maxton, p. 13.

¹⁹ White, p. 184.

the terrorist methods. The other, the Social Democrats, sought to spread the Marxist teachings among the working class.²⁰

In 1893 Lenin associated himself with an underground circle of the Social Democrat Party known as the Elders. The Elders were principally a propaganda organization, directing their efforts toward a select group of workers, whom they instructed in Marxist teachings, political economy, and natural science. The intellectual level of this propaganda was high, however, and as a result did not reach the average worker.²¹ Lenin disagreed with this system of select propaganda and proposed mass agitation in its place. Although he was opposed by the conservative element of the group, he was soon able to impose his own system. It was here that Lenin's remarkable ability to blend theory with actual practice became of importance. Previously the party had had no one who could achieve this blend successfully;²² therefore Lenin became invaluable as a skillful propagandist.

In 1895 Lenin went to Switzerland to meet Plekhanov, one of the old Russian Socialists who had been exiled in the 1880's.²³ Although the two disagreed as to the method of accomplishing the revolution, Plekhanov being the more moderate, they agreed perfectly as to fundamentals and made a profound impression on each other. Lenin came to regard Plekhanov as his teacher and guide,²⁴ while in Lenin the older man saw the practical leader which the movement had been lacking.²⁵ The two spent many hours together, discussing plans and theories. Through Plekhanov, Lenin made the acquaintance of many important revolutionary figures, all of whom were greatly impressed with the young man from St. Petersburg.

Lenin returned to St. Petersburg with new ideas, plans, and a suitcase full of Socialistic pamphlets.²⁶ With renewed vigor he took up the agitation of the factory workers and began working toward the unification of the local Marxist circles. This ambition was realized with the organization of the "Union for Combat to Liberate the Working Class."²⁷

Near the end of the year 1895 Lenin initiated the project of establishing a party newspaper which would help to unite the various elements of the party and to spread propaganda. Just as the printing was getting under way, however, the police broke in and arrested him and his confederates.

With Lenin's subsequent imprisonment and exile, this phase of his life ends. He had completed his apprenticeship to the revolution. From this

²⁰ Maxton., p. 30.

²¹ Georgii Vladimirovich Vernadskii, *Lenin, Red Dictator*, translated by Malcolm W. Davis (New Haven, 1931), p. 25.

²² Shub, p. 24.

²³ White, pp. 186-187.

²⁴ Vernadskii, p. 28.

²⁵ Shub, p. 28.

²⁶ White, p. 188.

²⁷ Vernadskii, p. 28.

point forward he was no longer learning or feeling his way about. He had become a full-fledged leader in the Russian revolutionary movement.

When Lenin returned from his three years of study, writing, and planning in Siberia, he launched a program to weld the divided Social Democrat Party into "... a vigorous and disciplined instrument of proletarian revolution that would not compromise with any victory short of the full Marxian demand."²⁸ From this point on he led the revolution that was to make him the master of Russia's teeming millions and a political figure whose magnitude is second to none in modern history.

²⁸ Laski, p. 140.

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* * *

Here, on this old lookout, which was like a part of the mountain itself, we were a little above the rest of the world. The wind was howling fiercely; we were invigorated, drunk with beauty and still drinking. The sun was low in the sky and beginning to add a tinge of pink to the granite peaks in the distance and a little more purple to the shadows in the valleys. This was the Rockies, the beautiful Rockies of Idaho. We were alone, miles and miles from highways, towns and crowds. There was beauty on every side of us. To the west was Chimney Rock, a gigantic cylinder, made small by distance. Eastward was the broad valley in which Lake Pend Oreille was nestled; the valley was in the shadow of evening and its great lake was almost obscured by the everpresent blue haze. Lifting our eyes from the valley we looked farther eastward and viewed the snow-covered peaks of the Cabinet Mountains in Montana. And turning northward, we could see the distant, lofty peaks of the Canadian Rockies.

DARREL DUNN, 102.

Child's Play

PHOEBE MANNEL

Rhetoric 102, Theme 12

"IT'S REMARKABLE," SHE THOUGHT, "HOW SMALL THIS bathroom is. All the walls seem to pop out and hurl themselves at you."

She locked the door gently and proceeded to place her supplies on the edge of the tub: Richard Hudnut Shampoo, Cashmere Bouquet, and a green plastic drinking cup. She removed her robe and slid into the half-filled tub, the water strongly perfumed with the contents of three bubble-bath tablets. She let the faucets run, but even above their chug-chugging sound she could hear Charley whistling obnoxiously in the bedroom.

She watched the glittering foam arrange itself in intricate patterns on her breast and stomach and saw the patterns change with every movement of the water over her body. She was wearing a filmy, frothy, white dress now . . . Then as she looked around the tiny room and saw the imitation tile wearing away near the molding, the torn plastic curtains sweating with beads of moisture, the mirror fogged and muggy like some opaque pool, and the three powder-blue turkish towels awaiting someone's dirty hands or face, the dress turned back into bubbles again.

The towel on the left with the jelly stain belonged to Mavis (her four year old child), while the one near the window that was wrinkled and dirty with several brands and smells of grease was Charley's. Charley had been greasy even when she had met him that first day at the garage. They had talked, and he had finally persuaded her to accept a date, and then another, and still another, until one day Charley had said that he guessed they ought to set a date for the wedding.

Charley wasn't a dreamer; he painted no pictures of romantic love, or of a cottage by the sea with roses in the garden. He was strong, determined, and sensible. Everyone had said it would be a good match, and she had agreed to marry him; her only actual decision in the entire matter was to choose between a Saturday and a Sunday for the wedding.

But she was glad it had been that way, because she hated to make decisions, and she could never make her mind up to do a thing unless somebody told her to.

The billowy suds were still rising. She poked a window and doors in the nebulous foam with her finger. Now it was a castle. The bottle cap, quick! There, it was a boat going through the dark sea carrying the handsome prince . . . she hummed a tune to herself, and then aloud to drown out Charley's whistling. Sometimes the water shimmered like gelatin, and she saw the light and other objects around the room shattered in a million pieces in the water's

reflection. But if she was very still they would all come back again, just as they had been before.

That was one reason Charley liked her; she liked to play. Oh, yes! Hadn't she often heard him say to a friend, "You should see her, just like a kid with a toy every time I bring her home a present."

But Charley had not brought any presents home for a long time. Business at the garage was not doing so well, Mavis needed new clothes, Mavis needed to have her tonsils out, Mavis needed . . . there were so many bills and so little money, she wished . . .

Charley always smiled too damn cheerfully and comforted her, but he didn't understand. He laughed and scolded gently, or called her "Baby" when she broke something, or when she cried because she was unhappy. Her capricious nature, her moods, her whimsy, and her constant silly jokes on him he thought were amusing; he merely thought her "cute."

"Hey, Baby." The whistling stopped and Charley's booming voice came through the vapory clouds of dampness. He was standing outside the door.

Go away—that's what she wanted to say—you're always spoiling things, you're always interrupting. She turned on the faucets full force. The bubbles were disappearing and now the needle-sharp rush of the water made them rise once more.

"Baby," called Charley, his voice louder in order to be heard over the roar of water, "ya see my overalls?"

"No," she replied. She really knew where they were, but it was too time-consuming to answer him. He always did that, ask questions day and night, "ya see my pajamas, ya see my hammer, ya see—"

Charley's voice interrupted her thoughts once more. "Did I tell ya what happened today, down at the garage? Listening Baby?"

No, she was not listening; it had been a long time since she had listened to anything he had to say. She turned over on her stomach and put her face close to the surface of the inviting water. One thing about water, you never had to talk to it; it was so silent, and soft, and warm. . . .

"Well, anyhow, I always say," continued Charley, "that a fella sure can't tell a guy by his car. Now you take ol' Doc who come in today, and gosh, you should have seen that front seat upholstery. Clean worn out. And then of course in comes Mrs. Janis with that new Cadie of hers . . . say, you listening, baby?" He hesitated for a moment and then assuming that Myra would answer affirmatively, continued, "Well, by God, she only had that Cadie a little less than, no it was more than, well, anyway it was a new job okay, and the motor went dead right in the middle of a red light. She says to me, 'Charley, you know more about motors than most men do about their wives!' Corney jokes! But the customer always being right and so forth that I just went right along with her and laughed. Say, now, Baby, what do ya think of that?"

No answer. Charley started to continue speaking, but then he noticed steam escaping from under the crack in the door, and he heard water spilling on the floor.

"Myra, why in hell don't you answer, Baby," he pleaded now. In his heart he knew what must have happened. Myra in that damned water, always playing, always pretending, making believe. Again he called out desperately, "Baby," but no answer came to his ears except for the dim hissing of the water faucets, going full force.

He stood back from the door, and charged it with his heavy shoulder. It didn't budge, he tried again, and again. The next time he stepped farther back, and hit not the unyielding door, but the soft, bathrobed form of his wife.

"Myra," he nearly shrieked at her. "Why didn't you answer me, why didn't you say something? Didn't you hear me call?" His eyes were popping from their sockets. "Baby. . . ."

"Must play," she interrupted as she walked over to the bathtub and pulled out the plug, for it was not a bathtub really, but a white boat.

* * *

It was a large room, its walls adorned with guns, nature paintings, heads of wild deer, and other trophies of a hunter's world. A pale, intricate fresco covered the ceiling, seemingly a medieval reproduction, symbolizing progress in hunting techniques up to that time. On the floor was a rug made from the carcasses of many large bears, sewn together so skillfully one could barely tell where one ended and another began. The rug was thick and strong, and had taken the impact of tramping hunters' boots for many years. At one end of the room was a huge stone fireplace, in which a roaring fire was blazing, imparting warmth to each corner of the room. Around the fire were gathered a group of men, laughing and joking, filling the room with the sound of their voices. Dressed in heavy leather jackets and long boots which were freshly greased and polished, they were giving last minute attention to rifles, pulling on warm gloves, tying plaid caps over their ears, and making ready for an evening's "coon hunt."

"Hey," came one voice, "the moon's perfect tonight. Look at her! We'll make a haul!"

"Well, what are we waitin' for? Let's get going!"

There followed a bustle of last minute confusion, and then, comfortable pipes and warm fireside forgotten, the men burst through the door, greeted their eagerly awaiting hounds, and disappeared, their laughter ringing and dying on the night air.

ELEANOR LARSON, 102.

Rhet as Writ

If a man is a man I don't see why he has to raid a sorority house in order to get a girl's panties.

* * *

These children may be male, female or both.

* * *

The bitter taste of last year's sports scandal has put a dent in the minds of all participants, coaches, faculty members, and students.

* * *

If a dog is mad, he may bite you; but if he is happy, his tail will wag vigorously. This is a trait that is often lacking in human beings.

* * *

Upon moving my eyes up his frame I discovered why everybody called him wasp-waste.

* * *

In *The Baker's Wife* he played a tender roll.

* * *

I think that Babbitt was waiting for the gravy train to fall right into his lap.

* * *

The next thing I knew was that I was lying in a bed. There was a nurse beside me standing like a gardening angle.

* * *

It is a story of a man set apart from his own race by sensitivity and intellect. At the age of six he tried to burn his grandmother's house.

* * *

In this novel (*For Whom the Bells Toll*) Hemingway drops his dead-end plot and replaces it with style. . . . Maria is dwarfed by another woman, Beata Sharp, wife of Pablo, chieftan of the guerillas.